**Pat McCallum:  A Bright Light**

by her husband, Robert Bushman

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If you've ever been in Pat's home, you probably noticed some stars around.  And as you probably guessed, the star was Pat's personal totem.  She never explained it.  It

was as if she expected you to understand. If you imagined that it means not just high aspiration and high achievement, but also clear light, sparkle, and ineffable spirit—the mystery calling us upward, I'm sure you would not be wrong. All of this, and more, was Pat.

Patricia Jeanne McCallum was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota on March 31, 1940. As a young girl, she was known as Patsy. Then as throughout her life, she was bright, lively, fun-loving, self-possessed, independent, forthright, and articulate—a combination of attributes that could make her at once endearing and exasperating.

She grew up in the small town of Mound, near Minneapolis, in a home only a few blocks from Lake Minnetonka. This lake provided Patsy, her sibs and friends with instant, summertime recreation, and they often scampered enthusiastically down to the lake more than once a day.

A turning-point experience for her, at perhaps age 12, was when she came across her parents' marriage certificate. A little math revealed to her that she was born out of wedlock. This explained to her why she had felt unwanted by her mother. Thus began Patsy's life-long quest for legitimacy and empowerment.

Patsy was an avid reader. While her bothers and sisters were playing with their Christmas toys, she was reading her new adventure novel. She devoured nearly a book a day, and owned this habit throughout her life. This did not make her bookish, though. She had plenty of energy for lots more.

Her mother considered herself a practicing Catholic. That practice consisted of seeing that her children got to mass, and insuring that she used no contraception. As the oldest child in her rapidly growing family, Patsy shouldered the burden of much of the child-care responsibilities, which matured her ahead of schedule. In the summertime she found welcome escape away at youth camp. As an older teen, she was even a camp counselor—a precursor of times to come.

During junior high school she got a job in the office of the local newspaper. It's easy to imagine her finding engagement with the paper's fast pace, with intelligent and interesting people, with communications, with extended access, and with influence on the public. This was no doubt the launch of her later career in journalism and an orientation that persisted throughout her life.

Her parents had divorced when Patsy was quite young, and later a step-dad had moved in. The two did not get along. The man became physically abusive and her mother did not defend her. This together with the stresses of the childcare imposed on her made her home life intolerable. Patsy showed remarkable self-possession as a young teen and got herself removed to foster care. In less than a year she was living with her birth father and step mom in St Louis, Missouri.

Patsy felt close to her father, and admired his ingenuity. Her new home life was starkly different, however. Suddenly she was an only child, and the religion was now Baptist. Her relationship with her step-mom was not the best, so for her high-school years, she lost herself in her schoolwork and extracurricular activity.

Bright and quick, she excelled in school, and got a lot of approval and support there. Her teachers encouraged her to go to college, so she set her sights on the prestigious journalism school at the University of Missouri in near-by Columbia. She got no support from either parent for her university education. After high school she worked for a year as a secretary for and insurance company in St Louis to save money for college. Once enrolled in 1959, she worked to support herself all the way through school as a secretary in the office of the Dean.

Like many young adults, college was the coming-of-age experience for Patsy. Though both maintaining a high standard of scholarship and working part time severely limited other activity, she did manage to enjoy herself occasionally with friends. Among the pleasures she allowed herself were a late-night hamburger and

an A&W root beer float, or even an occasional beer of the real kind. And, I think, sometimes it was even a little more than occasional. Early on in her college years, whatever Catholicism had remained in her finally faded away.

As part of her academic program, she worked as a writer on the university's student newspaper. The flurry of work on the newspaper staff stirred her juices, and she loved the rumble of the rolling presses and the smell of newsprint and ink.

After graduating with a Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism in 1963, she entered the adult world of work as "Patty," and got her first job with the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago, where she worked on its in-house news publication. But she was eager for expanded adventure, and set her sights on working in Europe. To finance such a venture, she worked a second job as a clerk at Marshall Field, a third job as a bar maid at night, and if that weren't enough, she also wrote press releases for the national 4H association. One might suppose this kind of life would not only exhaust her, but also put her at some risk. But Patty had the energy and drive for it, and miraculously, also the personal safety as well.

After a year in Chicago, her plan succeeded and in 1964 Patty landed a position as the women's feature writer and editor for the Stars and Stripes newspaper, produced in Darmstadt, Germany for the U.S. Forces in Europe. If she had wanted adventure, this certainly brought it to her. Working with some old salt reporters on "the Stripes," living in an American Army enclave, traveling all over Europe for work and pleasure, and developing friendships with unusual people opened new vistas she could not have imagined. While there, she took in much of Europe—a beach in Croatia, ski trips in Switzerland, and Soviet-style tourism in Russia. And there was a new boy friend, Tom Gardner.

After a year in Germany, she had done that, and returned to the states to work for the Fuller Brush Co in Hartford, Connecticut as a writer/editor for its in-house

news publication. With that went ski trips with friends to Vermont, and, of course, a new boyfriend—Bob Dwyer.

Again, after a year with Fuller Brush, Patty was attracted to the excitement of the Big Apple, and in 1966 landed—with some pluck—a job with AT&T's Western Electric headquarters on Wall Street as a writer/editor for its in-house news publication. Manhattan is a world unto itself, and she found much engagement there, including, you guessed it, a new boyfriend—Jack O'Neil. Highlights of her time there was a trip to Pakistan, and weekends with Jack at his beach cottage on Fire Island, off the south coast of Long Island.

After four years with AT&T, Patty learned of a spiritual movement in California that captured her attention. Her sudden interest in this new direction appears to have been borne of a deeply seated but yet unsatisfied spiritual hunger. She knew instinctively that it was for her, and immediately pulled up stakes, sold off her property, and moved herself to live in the ashram of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA) in the Busby Berkley mansion in Los Angeles. MSIA was led by the spiritual teacher, John Roger, who introduced her to many, higher spiritual teachings and precepts which she fully embraced. This was a major turning point for her, and marked out a totally new direction for the rest of her life. At that point she became known simply as, "Pat."

Her fifteen years at MSIA were spent in study and meditation, and of course, the daily housework of the ashram. And yes, there was a new boyfriend. Pat enjoyed her life there immensely. She was finding the enlightenment she had longed for, the belonging in a warm and supportive community, and new meaningfulness in her life. Her particular responsibility there was the writing and publishing of a newsletter. In the course of that work, she interviewed many spiritual luminaries passing through LA, including his Holiness, the Dali Lama. Another highlight of that time was when the community undertook a pilgrimage to Egypt, where some of its ancient mysteries were unfolded to them.

In 1986, spiritual futurist, Barbara Marx Hubbard, visited MSIA, and there met Pat. Hubbard was impressed with Pat's work, and offered Pat a job as her publicist in Washington DC. By this time, Pat was ready to move on, accepted the offer, moved to Washington and lived at first in Hubbard's mansion. Yet again, in her familiar journalistic role, Pat found herself with access to the highest strata of the organizations in which she circulated. Hubbard entertained a constant flow of leading lights—scientists, and new-paradigm thinkers. Pat met them all. She also met a new boyfriend—Barry Sultanoff.

Not long after her move to Washington, Pat participated in powerful, new transformational trainings: Insight, and Robert Fritz' Technologies for Creating. These trainings were similar to Werner Erhard's est training, and made a deep impression on Pat. They propelled her forward not only in her own development and empowerment, but when she saw the value that this training had for others, she recognized her life's work. She took additional, instructor training and in 1989 became a certified trainer for Technologies for Creating. She both marketed and conducted the trainings for two years, and enrolled more participants than anyone had before. Pat had the passion and the alignment for it, and her results spoke for her.

Living in Chevy Chase, Bethesda and later, Rockville, Maryland, her work in personal development training led to some original thinking of her own and the development of a transformational process which she named, Essence Repatterning. She carefully wrote it up and self-published it in 1992 as the book, *Stepping Free of Limiting Patterns*. She felt the writing was inspired as it flowed so readily, and she knew had gotten it right. It became the core of a series of other products and activities under her corporate entity, Essence Solutions, Inc, including a website, a line of audiotapes, and a self-teaching workbook with tapes. She featured Essence Repatterning on her own call-in radio program on the American University radio station in Washington. She used the process in her own

counseling practice, working personally with many individual clients. She developed and presented group trainings for several major corporate clients in the DC area, developed a practitioner training program, and certified practitioners in her process. She was also a highly successful trainer in a back-to-work program for disadvantaged women in Washington, which gave her a great deal of personal satisfaction.

(Note: Pat's book, and all the audio tapes on Essence Repatterning that she created, plus her tape-of-the month series, are now digitized and available for free download off the Internet at: http://archive.org/details/EssenceRepatterning.)

During this creative period, as if to burn off excess energy, she would go out tap dancing in the evening, and afterward elsewhere to dance the tango. Argentine tango is a sophisticated dance, but she mastered it also and enjoyed it immensely. She called it "making love with your clothes on." Her association with Washington's international dance community led to a wide range of interesting new friends.

In 1998, she wanted to attract a new partner. What she did to do this was to create a heart-shaped pillow for her bed. And a new partner did indeed show up—at a pot-luck evening meeting of friends considering the teachings of "Abraham." The meeting began with each person sharing a recent, significant aspect of their life. When it came Pat's turn, she said, "I woke up this morning with a song going through my head." …and then proceeded to sing that song: "I got the world on a string, sittin' on a rainbow; got the string around my finger…" When I heard that, I thought to myself, "She's the one for me!"

After nearly a year-and-a-half of courtship, she consented to marry me. Mine was not her first proposal of marriage, but the first one she accepted. We were wed in 2000 in a beautiful outdoor setting on the gentleman's farm of Richard Likes and

Buddy Darden in the countryside of northern Virginia. It was a big step for Pat. This, she said, was her first and last marriage.

On my retirement in 2003, we both felt ready for a change, and after considerable research, discovered Eugene, Oregon as our place to land and reinvent ourselves. At first we knew no one there, but soon developed a circle of good friends. And Pat found she could continue to serve her clients back east by telephone. One of her most enjoyable activities in Eugene was participating in an improvisational theatre group.

For the first time in her life, Pat became a homeowner. She decorated that home beautifully, including with many of her signature stars. Pat was a gracious and attentive host to the constant flow of visitors in our home. She would always offer them her best because "that's how I want to feel about myself." For several years she hosted a weekly meeting of like-minded friends considering the teachings of "Abraham." It was one of the highlights of her week.

We enjoyed a lot of travel together, and traveled to many states visiting family and friends, and for pleasure to Canada, New York, Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, and the Caribbean. But always, she enjoyed the coast of Oregon, and made many opportunities to go there. She dreamt of extended worldwide travel to be with friends and bring them the fruits of her transformational work.

In January of 2008, she noticed some unusual lumps in her armpits and groin. The diagnosis she got was non-Hodgkin's lymphoma—cancer of the lymph system. She was told that this was the easiest cancer to beat, and most recovered from it, as had her sister. Still, of course, it was a concern. She chose not to tell even her family or closest friends about it because she did not want to reify the diagnosis. She avoided further contact with the oncologist, not wanting to be cast any further under the spell of that diagnosis, and also chose not to pursue chemotherapy or

radiation therapy because she believed they would do her more harm than good, which was probably true.

She believed that if she were clearly aligned with recovery, the lymphoma would fade away. So she began to search out alternative therapies. She tried many of them, and sometimes did improve to lead a fairly normal, active life, even seeming to be in remission at one time. But the improvements did not last, and from early 2010 her decline was marked and steady.

Her inability to recover was extremely frustrating to her. She had followed her regimens religiously, believing she was doing the right thing but not getting results. She didn't know what else she could possibly do. Also difficult, of course, was to face the disconnect between her belief in her ability to recover and the fact of her declining health.

Even though she did not believe that death would be the end for her, she did not consciously want to die. There was still so much more that she aspired to accomplish. Far the back of her mind, however, rang the belief that on some level, she was indeed planning this outcome.

When the end seemed inevitable, she entered hospice in mid June, and from those remarkable people received extraordinary, loving care. With medication to ease her breathing, she died comfortably in her sleep at home, the morning of Friday, July 2, 2010 at the age of 70.

Pat's accomplishments were profound. Not only was she effective with her clients, helping them through significant life transformations, but each person who came under her influence seemed markedly affected by her natural exuberance and positive outlook. One of her guiding principles was to offer her best to everyone, and by most accounts, she succeeded. She illuminated the space around her with her brightness. She helped you feel good about yourself. She was always looking

for the better way, and when she found it, felt impelled to share it. Our world is clearly a better place for her having been here.

Pat's legacy lives on in all who she touched. Her continuing presence in my heart is as real and clear to me as if I were seeing her before me. My sense is that she is now living the expanded life she had always wanted, and eagerly anticipates yet greater expansion in the eternal unfolding of life.